DARK HORSE COMICS

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#30

THE GOON™

by
Eric Powell

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The nameless man, the zombie priest, had come to town
to build a gang from the undead. But even the undead fear…

THE GOON™

by Eric Powell

colors by Dave Stewart

editor **Scott Allie** associate editor **Sierra Hahn**

designer **Amy Arendts** publisher **Mike Richardson**

Zombies provided by **Jethro and Earl Zombie Wranglerin' Inc.**
and **The Adopt-A-Zombie Foundation**

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BELLA? Y-YOU...

GOON, PLEASE, I WANT TO TALK TO YOU.

PLEASE?

SHiKT!

REMEMBER WHAT I SAID I'D DO TO YOU IF YOU CAME BACK HERE?

THE ONLY REASON YOU AIN'T DEAD IS THAT HE'D NEVER FORGIVE ME!

AT TIMES THE CRUELTY OF THIS WORLD CAN SEEM TOO MUCH TO BEAR.

BUT WE MUST NOT DESPAIR. FOR DESPAIR IS THE RELINQUISHING OF FAITH.

AND ONLY IN OUR FAITH CAN WE HOPE TO... >SIGH< OH, NEVER MIND.

WE LAY THE EARTHLY REMAINS OF STEWART SANTINO TO REST FOR A SECOND TIME. MAY HE FINALLY BE AT PEACE.

I'M SORRY I COULDN'T HELP YOU, SKINNY.

SEE THIS STICK, DOG? WHEN I THROW IT OVER THEM BUSY TRAIN TRACKS YOU GO AND FETCH IT!

I'LL RUN AND RETRIEVE THAT THERE STICK! GOT IT!

HIS NAME IS ROSCOE!

THAT'S A STUPID NAME FOR A DOG!

I THINK HIS NAME SHOULD BE IRON BUTT! I KICKED HIM HARD FOR PEEING IN MY HAT AND IT MADE MY FOOT HURT!

READY, STUPID?! FETCH!

AAHHHH!!!

THAT BOX-CAR DONE TOOK MY LEG!!

OH, GREAT! NOW YOU'RE AN EVEN WORSE DOG THAN BEFORE!

I DIDN'T THINK IT WAS POSSIBLE!

WHY CAN'T WE HAVE NOTHIN' GOOD?

WHAT DO YOU FELLAS EXPECT?! OF COURSE WE WOULD END UP WITH A THREE-LEGGED DOG!

MOMMA IN HEAVEN ROOSTIN' ON THE TELEPHONE POLE, PLEASE STOP THE BLOOD!

C'MON, DOG, I'LL TAKE YOU TO OLD LADY MCGREGG SO SHE CAN BURN YOUR LEG HOLE CLOSED AGAINST THE FURNACE.

I CAN'T BUT BARELY WALK!

OH, QUIT YER BELLYACHIN'! IT'S JUST A LEG!

LOOK THERE. IT'S THAT GYPSY LADY WHAT MARRIED NORTON.

I THINK SHE'S PRETTY.

HEY, GYPSY LADY, WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

MY GIVEN NAME IS TALIBA.

I LIKE YOUR SCARF WITH THE JINGLES ON IT.

DO YOU?

LONG AGO MY FAMILY WAS CAMPED OUTSIDE A VILLAGE. BUT THE VILLAGERS DID NOT WANT US THERE. THEY SAID HORRIBLE THINGS TO US, BUT WE WOULD NOT GO. THEN THEY DID HORRIBLE THINGS TO US. AND THEN WE DID GO.

BUT NOT WITHOUT OUR REVENGE. EACH OF THESE MEDALLIONS IS A PERSON IN THAT VILLAGE THAT PAID THE PRICE. THIS ONE IS A BLACKSMITH WHO NOW HAS LEPROSY. HIS FINGERS, TOES, AND GENITALS HAVE FALLEN OFF.

NEAT!

DEMETER, PLAY WITH THE CHILDREN.

GOON, I SENSE YOUR THOUGHTS. IT POURS FROM YOU LIKE BLOOD FROM A WOUND. THE WOMAN WHO HAUNTS YOU HAS RETURNED.

KNOW WHERE TO DRAW THE LINE, LADY!

I MERELY WISH TO GIVE YOU WARNING OF WHAT I SEE. NIGHT IS UPON YOU. DO NOT LET IT TOUCH YOUR HEART. OR THERE MAY BE NO WAY FOR YOU TO RETURN THIS TIME.

THANKS FOR THE GOBBLE-DEE-GOOK, YA SPOOKY DAME. IT HELPS A LOT.

YOU KNOW WHAT I SPEAK OF. THE BLACK PLACE THAT YOU ALMOST DID NOT RETURN FROM. THAT LEFT YOU WITH THOSE SCARS. THE ONES THAT THE DRAGON GAVE YOU AND THE ONES THAT ARE LESS VISIBLE.

NORTON! I NEED A DRINK!

HORSE-EATERS WOOD

RIBS-OF-BEEF.... SHEEP-SHANK... WHALEBONE...

YOU MOCK ME. I REMEMBER THOSE AS THE NAMES SHE GUESSED.

WAIT, I HAVE ONE MORE GUESS. WOULD YOUR NAME BE... [illegible]?

BLARGH!

PICK UP THAT ROCK AND SMASH YOUR HAND WITH IT.

RAH-GAHHH!

WHY DO YOU DO THIS TO MY MASTER?! HE IS A BLIND OLD MAN! PITY HIM! PITY HIM!

HE KNOWS WHY.

I MADE ALL HIS PEOPLE SICK, HEE-HEE! THEY ALL GOT SICK AND THEN I MADE THEM DIE AND WALK AROUND! HA-HA! LIKE PUPPETS!

I COULD MAKE THEM DANCE! TEE-DAH-TEE-DAH-DAH!!

SMASH YOUR FACE ON THAT TREE.

UHPH!!

MASTER, THE AWFUL BUZZARD PERSON KNOWS YOUR NAME SO YOU CAN DO NOTHING BUT WHAT HE SAYS, BUT CAT DOESN'T HAVE TO.

TELL CAT WHAT TO DO TO MAKE THE BUZZARD PERSON SORRY HE HURTS MY MASTER!

THE BEAST... THE BEAST WILL ASK HIM A QUESTION. THERE IS A QUESTION THAT THE BUZZARD DOES NOT KNOW THE ANSWER TO.

MADAME ELSA'S BURLESQUE

PLEASE KILL ME! EVERY MOMENT IS TORTURE! THE PAIN! I FEEL MY BODY ROTTING AWAY!

LOOK WHAT THAT WITCH HAS DONE TO ME! WHERE IS MY REVENGE?!

YOU PEOPLE WITH ALL YOUR COMPLAINING. YOU'RE STARTING TO BORE ME.

PUT THE MAGICIAN IN THE CLOSET, GIRLS.

AND YOU, ELSA, YOU'LL GET WHAT'S COMING TO YOU.

I LET YOU USE MY JOINT TO RUN YOUR BUSINESS OUT OF BECAUSE THAT OLD ARAB MAN PROMISED ME RICHES BEYOND MY WILDEST DREAMS! AND ALL I HAVE TO SHOW FOR IT SO FAR IS THIS FACE!

THE PRIEST HAS BEEN TAKEN AND WICKER IS GONE. I'M JUST REFORMULATING MY GAME PLAN.

GET OUT! I'M THROUGH WITH YOU! I'M KEEPING THE HARPIES! AT LEAST THEY ARE DECENT PERFORMERS! I WILL BE COMPENSATED SOMEHOW!

YOU DON'T GIVE ME ORDERS, YOU STRIPPER BITCH! SO YOUR PRETTY LITTLE FACE IS MESSED UP.

BETTER THAN BEIN' DEAD, RIGHT?

YOU MADE A DEAL WITH A WITCH, LADY! DO YOU THINK IT CAN BE BROKEN THAT EASILY?! DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO US SHOULD HE COME BACK HERE AND WE DON'T HAVE THINGS UNDER CONTROL?!

DO YOU?!

ENOUGH OF THIS PUSSY-FOOTING AROUND! YOU WANT REVENGE?! FINE! WE'RE ENDING THIS NOW!

NORTON'S PUB

YOU JUST CAN'T TAKE A HINT, CAN YOU?! GET OUTTA HERE BEFORE I FORGET WHAT HE THINKS!

FRANKY, I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL ABOUT ME, BUT HE AND I HAVE UNFINISHED BUSINESS. I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE UNTIL I GET TO SPEAK TO HIM. SO EITHER KILL ME OR TAKE ME TO HIM.

WAIT HERE!

I'M MIRNA.

ISABELLA.

YOU MUST BE THE DAME THAT BROKE THE GOON'S HEART.

HA! LET ME BUY YOU A DRINK.

THERE IS A MAN COMING TO TAKE WHAT YOU HAVE. BUT THERE IS ONE QUESTION TO WHICH HE DOES NOT HAVE THE ANSWER.

AAAAH!

HOLD HIM DOWN! HOLD HIM DOWN!

I CAN'T! HE'S A CAVEMAN!

GOON, I HAVE TO EXPLAIN MYSELF.

YOU DID ENOUGH EXPLAINING. YOU DIDN'T WANT ME.

IT WASN'T THAT SIMPLE... I JUST DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO MAKE YOU UNDERSTAND.

I UNDERSTAND! I UNDERSTAND THAT IT WAS A LOT OF ME GIVIN' AND YOU TAKIN' AND ME LEFT WITH MY HEART, MY HEAD, AND MY FACE SHREDDED!

YOU DON'T THINK IT HURT ME TO WALK AWAY?!

OH, I BET IT HURT YOU SOMETHIN' AWFUL!

I LOVED YOU!!

YOU'RE THE BEST MAN I EVER MET! I WAS A WHORE!

I WASN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU.

THAT'S STUPID.

NOTHING YOU COULD HAVE DONE TO ME WOULD HAVE BEEN AS BAD AS YOU LEAVING.

YES--THERE IS SOMETHING WORSE I COULD HAVE DONE. I COULD HAVE STAYED. I'M NOT WHO YOU THOUGHT I WAS.

I ALWAYS KNEW EXACTLY WHO YOU WERE. YOU'RE THAT GIRL AT THE CARNIVAL THAT I LOVED. AND THAT'S WHO YOU'RE ALWAYS GONNA BE TO ME.

HEY, LUG.

BAM!

DEMETER!

HOW FAR, PRIEST?

NOT FAR NOW. I CAN FEEL HER. SHE IS VERY CLOSE.

THERE! THERE SHE IS!

A WOKY!

YOU DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT THIS?!

YOU DIDN'T ASK! HA-HA!

I WANT THE MOTHER CORPSE! I KNOW YOUR TRICKS, WOKY! I KNOW NOTHIN' CAN BE TAKEN FROM YOU WITHOUT A DEAL BEIN' STRUCK! SO LET'S HAVE IT! WHAT'S THE DEAL?!

JUST A QUESTION.

ANSWER IT AND I'LL GIVE YOU THE MOTHER CORPSE. ANSWER IT INCORRECTLY AND I TAKE YOU TO HELL, WHERE TINY INSECT SWINES WILL SUCK THE JUICE FROM YOUR EYES.

DEAL?

DEAL.

WELL?

MY QUESTION IS...

WHY CAN'T YOU DIE?

TO BE CONCLUDED

For those of you who follow this letters column, you may remember a letter from a fella who works in a porn shop who wanted to send me a bunch of porn . . . well, he delivered. I got a big box of porn and lube in the mail. And what do you do with a big box of porn? You share it with friends, of course. Thanks for the ultra-disgusting box of porn!

Eric,

Karson came in for his books today and I showed him the letters page. He is beyond excited!

Thanks for including his drawing and giving our store a shout-out!

He's convinced his parents to take him to Baltimore Con. So beware!

Thanks,
Stacy
Comic Fusion

No problem. Looking forward to seeing them in Baltimore. And I see Karson is wearing a MCR shirt. My editor Scott Allie is also the editor of Gerard Way's *Umbrella Academy.* Scott, you should hook this kid up with some books. Or just be a jerk. Everyone, my editor . . . the JERK! What an ***hole! What kind of monster treats a kid like that? Know who's worse than Scott Allie? Hitler. But just barely.

I concur. Jerk.

—Sierra Hahn, Associate Editor

How do—

With Halloween approaching I thought you might like to see this pumpkin I carved of *The Goon* last year. It was one of a number of comic-book pumpkins I did for my 9th Annual Horror Movie & Chili Night (Rorschach, Arse-Face, and Marv and Kevin from *Sin City* were the others).

I put the stencils available for download at http://www.revolution34.com/wpcontent/uploads/2007/revolution34comicpumkins.zip.

Cheers,
Tim

Very cool! Fall is my favorite time of the year and Halloween is a big reason why. I'd carve a *Goon* pumpkin but I ain't that ambitious. You know who hates Halloween? Scott Allie.

Hello Mr. Powell and *Goon* Fans,

The Goon is still going great, and it's the only series that I pick up on a regular basis. So thanks for that.

Anyways, these are some *Goon*-inspired Heroclix that I made from chopping, re-gluing, and painting other Heroclix. Basically, they're one-and-a-half-inch versions of Goon, Frankie, and the Buzzard. Hope you like them.

Looking forward to the future of the series, and more great stories.

—Alek

I don't play the Heroclix so I'm not sure how the game works. However, I have been developing a *Goon*-based board game. It's called Wrench Fight. You get a box of antique wrenches and a little spinner wheel that points to different parts of the body . . . it's self-explanatory. I've been collecting all the antique wrenches I could find to get the ball rolling. I can't wait to play Wrench Fight with Scott Allie. He hates crippled babies.

Dear Eric Powell,

I'm writing this note to share with you a brief memory from this year's San Diego Comic-Con. It isn't actually my memory—it belongs to my husband.

When he met you, he said you two got to hang out and chat for a good long bit and that, eventually, he wound up (with some other guests) speaking on your panel after the Reno priests tried to exorcise a drinking habit (?) out of you. (Without success I am told—sorry.)

He snapped some shots, but during the excitement he forgot to give you his card. (I asked. He said he forgot. I told him to go back and give it to you, but that is something a wife would do, not a husband. Men are too busy "doing." Women are busy "planning." It's genetics.)

I hope you will accept this business card from my husband, the "pen-tool master" (Adobe Illustrator). He's a neat guy. I ought to know. I married him.

Please overlook the awkwardness of this letter. I'm only acquainted with *The Goon* because my husband follows the stories and has for quite some time. He truly enjoyed the break from his job (he hadn't had a vacation in three years) and getting to meet some of his artistic and creative heroes was a real treat.

Thank you for your congeniality. I wish you many years of success.

Sincerely,
Stephanie Patrick
Wife of Awesome Husband Joseph

Thanks for sharing. I had a lot of fun doing my intervention panel with Tom Lennon, Ben Garant, and Brian Posehn. And thanks for coming up and helping me out when—guess who—Scott Allie dropped the ball and didn't show up for the panel. What can you expect from a member of Al-Qaeda?

In Scott's defense, he was at a dinner that night with Gerard of MCR and* The Umbrella Academy, *and both of them called in to the panel to join Eric on speaker phone, but Eric was too drunk (on his own panel) to get it to work.

(Scott made me write this. But it is true.)

—Sierra

I try to keep the letters column light because I don't think much should be taken seriously. But I'm going to close this one out on a somber note. Ray Armstrong, the cage fighter who has been appearing in the column, sent me this e-mail.

—Eric

I lost a true friend when Evan Tanner passed away September 8. He was a kind, selfless free spirit who lived life to the fullest—on his own terms—and loved to share. Whether it was his home, his knowledge, his training, or his stories, he loved to share. I am blessed to have known him, been able to learn from him, and spend time with him. Thank you, Evan, thanks for teaching, sharing, and being such a good friend. I will always remember what you gave me and share it with others in your memory. And I know everyone that trained with you will always have you in their corner. I miss you and I'll see ya on the mat again someday. Until then we should all "BELIEVE in the power of ONE."

—Ray Armstrong

NEXT ISSUE
ON SALE
DECEMBER 31

AND THE
CONCLUSION OF
GOON YEAR!

DISCOVER DARK HORSE POWER

NOVEMBER 2008

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY MEMBERS OF A SECRET brotherhood of architects have died from the demolition of their windowless sanctuary by a giant robot.

Welcome to Radiant City.

Envisioned as a gleaming metropolis, a shining utopia where every street, skyscraper, office, and apartment conspired to bestow contentment and prosperity upon its inhabitants, Radiant City began as a beacon of humanity's ingenuity, but became an admonition of its hubris.

Redubbed Somnopolis—its intended beneficiaries now its victims—Radiant City is driving its citizens mad. Insomniacs and somnambulists, beset by phobias and manias, crowd this twisted burg. And that is why the mayor is having it destroyed, block by block.

Eliminate the most dangerous "psychetecture" and free the populace from the invisible forces that plague their minds. It is too simple an answer to an enigmatic problem—one ripe for exploitation by those without scruples in the halls of power, and those in the shadows to whom they answer—typical for a politician.

Radiant City has its flying cars and automatic butlers, but what it needs is a hero. The city of dreams has become a city of nightmares.

Mister X is not a hero.

He may or may not be the last surviving architect of this place, whose grand vision for the future slipped irretrievably from his grasp. He may or may not be addicted to Insomnalin, which has relieved him of the need for sleep. He may or may not be the only one who can save Radiant City, or at least, the only one who is going to try. Whoever he is, whatever he is, he has arrived, and he has started looking for something—hopefully, the truth.

This is the world of *Mister X: Condemned*, a new four-part series by Dean Motter. Seamlessly interweaving German expressionism with neo-noir in an art deco science-fiction landscape, *Mister X: Condemned* is as retro as it is prophetic. A detective story with no detective, a horror story with no monster, it is a yarn as mysterious as its protagonist.

Motter previously explored such realms in his acclaimed series *Terminal City*, *Electropolis*, and the comic book continuation of the groundbreaking television show *The Prisoner*, yet it was the premiere iteration of the unknowable Mister X that propelled Motter into the comics spotlight twenty-five years ago.

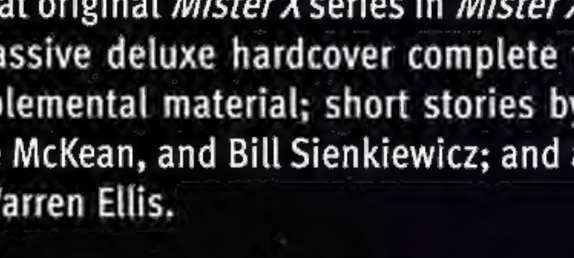
Already acclaimed as a graphic designer, Motter collaborated with young stars such as Los Bros. Hernandez, Paul Rivoche, and Seth to bring his visionary sensibilities to a whole new medium. The debut of *Mister X* was a watershed moment for alternative comics, influencing a generation of fans and creators with its unique characters, compelling premise, and inimitable design.

This November, Dark Horse presents all fourteen issues of that original *Mister X* series in *Mister X: The Archives*, a massive deluxe hardcover complete with extensive supplemental material; short stories by Neil Gaiman, Dave McKean, and Bill Sienkiewicz; and a new foreword by Warren Ellis.

Then, in December, *Mister X: Condemned* begins. Created solely by Motter, *Mister X: Condemned* is a fresh start for a classic character. This is a Mister X reimagined for the twenty-first century by a postmodern master of subverting expectations and infusing well-worn genres with new ideas.

For the residents of Radiant City, the future has arrived. It is beautiful, it is terrifying, and it may or may not be the fault of a single man, lurking in the shadows. Is he a product of their madness, or are they a product of his? The time to find out has come.

But as Mister X knows, there is always "Too much to do, not enough time to do it . . ."



–Dave Marshall
Editor

DARK HORSE HEROES

Susie Lee—owner of Studio Cutie—has been a saving grace on manga at Dark Horse and elsewhere for around fourteen years, working on numerous titles including *Orion*, *Trigun*, *Oh My Goddess!*, and *Gantz*. You can find infrequent updates on all things Cutie at myspace.com/studiocutie. Go friend her!

Aren Kittilsen is the resident guru at DHC for making the materials in our archive collections look new again. With some originals being over half a century old, that means careful color and art touchups. An artist in his free time, Aren himself is inspired by T. Nihei, G. Crepax, and L. Bergkvist.

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by Eric Powell
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THOSE THAT IS DAMNED
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